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## THEOBALDS PALACE, HERTS.

The house itself doth shows the owner's wit,  
And may for bewtie, state, and every thing,  
Compared be with most within the land.—*Old Poet.*

This sumptuous palace rose and disappeared within a protracted life-time—four-score years and ten. It was built by a favourite minister, ostensibly as a home for his son, though its splendour made it resemble the lure of a courtier; it became the resort of a gay queen, and the abode of two kings, whence it fell into the hands of crafty men, who levelled its magnificence, and scattered its treasures to aid them in carrying on their scheme of desolation, and to furnish them with the sinews of civil war.

Hence, Theobalds has for many years been known but by name; for, as if to erase its existence, representations of it have been desiderata among the collectors of such records. When Mr. Lysons wrote his *Environs of London*, he lamented that he "had not been able to find any print or painting which conveys any adequate idea of this Palace."\*

\* The above view is derived from a drawing in the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, and was engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February last; whence we have transferred it, with the substance of the accompanying interesting details.

We have participated in his regret, seeing that Theobalds was a fair specimen of a style of architecture again become popular; and the gardens, though quaint and odd in their way were designed by one of the earliest patrons of botany in this country. Besides, the mansion was the home of that good and great man, Lord Burghley, who here closed his brilliant and useful career. The history of the whole place, too, is pointed with a moral, presenting as it does a memorial of the instability of kingly state, and the vanity of human grandeur.

This magnificent palace, stood in the parish of Cheshunt, at the distance of twelve miles from London, and a little to the north of the road to Ware. The origin of the name is uncertain; but, it is probable that Theobald was the name of an owner, though at what period earlier than the reign of Henry VI. does not appear.

The manor, probably, reverted to the Crown at the suppression of religious foundations; and, after passing through the families of Bedyl, Burbage, and Elliott, on June 10,

1563, it was purchased by Sir William Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burghley.

The original manor-house is supposed to have been on a small moated site, which is to be traced to this day. In 1570, Sir William increased the estate by an important addition, which is thus mentioned in his *Diary*: " May 15, I purchased Chesthurt Park of Mr. Harryngton." Cecil now, if not before, must have been proceeding in earnest with his new mansion, as in September of the following year, Queen Elizabeth honoured it with a visit; when she was presented with "a portrait of the house."

"Lord Burghley was not the least sumptuous in architecture among a nobility which produced many magnificent palaces. The author of his contemporary biography, (printed in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*), says, 'He buyit three houses: one in London, for necessity; another at Burghley, of computency for the mansion of his Barony; and another at Waltham, [this of Theobalds,] for his younger sonne; which, at the first, he meant but for a little pile, as I have hard him saie, but, after he came to enterayne the Quene so often there, he was inforced to enlarge it, rather for the Quene and her greate traine, and to sett poore on worke, than for pompe or glory; for he ever said it wold be to big for the small living he cold leave his sonne. The other two are but convenient, and no bigger than will serve for a nobleman; all of them perfected, convenient, and to better purpose for habitation than many others buyt by greate noblemen; being all bewtiful, uniform, necessary, and well seated; which are greate arguments of his wisdom and judgment. He greatly delighted in making gardens, fountains, and walkes; which at Theobalds were perfected most costly, bewtifully, and pleasantly; where one might walk two myle in the walks before he came to their ends.'

"As Lord Burghley had built this mansion expressly for his younger son, he was evidently inclined, some years before his death, to give possession to Sir Robert Cecil; but some opposition was made to this proposal by the Queen, as appears from some humorous sallies both on the part of her Majesty and of her 'Hermit,' as the Secretary was pleased to style himself; and it is clear that the longer purse of the Lord Treasurer was requisite to maintain the house and the establishment, which had both been increased for her Majesty's pleasure.

"Just at the period of Lord Burghley's death, in 1598, Theobalds was visited by the tourist Hentzner, who thus describes it in his Journey, as translated by Horace Walpole:—

"Theobalds belongs to Lord Burghley, the Treasurer. In the Gallery is painted

the genealogy of the Kings of England. From this place one goes into the garden, encompassed with water, large enough for one to have the pleasure of going in boat, and rowing between the shrubs. Here are a great variety of trees and plants, labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, a *jet d'eau*, with its basin of white marble, and columns and pyramids of wood and other materials up and down the garden. After seeing these, we are led by the gardener into the summer-house; in the lower part of which, built semicircularly, are the twelve Roman Emperors in white marble, and a table of touchstone; the upper part of it is set round with cisterns of lead, into which the water is conveyed through pipes, so that fish may be kept in them; and, in summer time, they are very convenient for bathing. In another room for entertainment, very near this, and joined to it by a little bridge, was a noble table of red marble. We were not admitted to see the apartments of this palace, there being nobody to show it, as the family was in town attending the funeral of their lord.\*

"On the decease of Lord Burghley, August 4, 1598, his son, Sir Robert Cecil, became the possessor of Theobalds and the neighbouring estates, pursuant to indenture dated 16 June, 29 Eliz. (1577).†

The Earl of Salisbury, (as he shortly became after the accession of James I.,) having captivated his royal master with the charms of Theobalds, particularly in two sumptuous entertainments given to his majesty, on his first arrival in England, and on the visit of his brother-in-law the King of Denmark, was very shortly after the latter festivity, induced to exchange it for the palace of Hatfield; where, (being now himself Lord Treasurer, and thus in possession, like his father, of the strings of the royal purse,) he commenced building a mansion of perhaps still greater magnificence; and which has stood unaltered, except by the recent partial fire, to our own days.‡

"The Earl of Salisbury gave up possession on the 22nd of May, 1607, with a poetical entertainment written by Ben Jonson. In this, "the Queen" was supposed to receive the Palace, perhaps with the view of its becoming her dowager-house had she survived King James. However, Theobalds became his principal country residence throughout the whole of his reign, and it was here that he breathed his last, on the 27th of March, 1625. Windsor was at that period never visited except to hold the feasts of the Order of the Garter; Richmond,

\* Translation of Paul Hentzner's Journey, Strawberry Hill, 1758, p. 54.

† Lord Burghley's Will, in Peck's Desiderata, p. 192.

‡ The particulars of this exchange have been already noticed in the present volume, in the description of Hatfield House. See page 19.

which had been a favourite palace of Elizabeth, was given up to the Prince of Wales; Hampton Court was occasionally resorted to; but the attractions of Waltham Forest gave Theobalds by far the preference in the eyes of the silvan monarch.

"After taking possession, King James enlarged the park by inclosing part of the adjoining chase, and surrounded it with a wall of brick measuring ten miles in circumference; part of which, on the north, containing the eighth milestone, remains in the gardens of Albury House.

"King Charles the First continued to reside here; and there is an interesting picture, representing an interior view of the Gallery in perspective, into which the King and Henrietta Maria are entering at a door, ushered by the brother Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, each with his wand of office, the former as Lord Steward, and the latter as Lord Chamberlain, of the King's household. Waiting in the gallery, stands the dwarf Jeffery Hudson, with three of King Charles's favourite spaniels; and a parroquet is perched on a balustrade."

"When the sale of Crown lands was in agitation in 1649, it was at first resolved that Theobalds should be excepted, but it was afterwards determined that it should be sold. In the following year, the surveyors reported that the palace was an excellent building, in very good repair, by no means fit to be demolished, and that it was worth 20*000.* per annum, exclusive of the park; yet, lest the Parliament should think proper to have it taken down, they had estimated the materials, and found them to be worth 8,275*. 11s.* The calculations of the surveyors were more acceptable than their advice; and, consequently, the greater part of the Palace was taken down to the ground, and the money arising from the sale of the materials was divided among the army.

"The Survey affords a circumstantial description of the several portions and apartments of the Palace. It consisted of two principal quadrangles, besides the Dial-court, the Buttery-court, and the Dovehouse-court, in which the offices were situated. The Fountain-court, so called from a fountain of black and white marble in the centre, was a quadrangle of eighty-six feet square, on the east side of which was a cloister, eight feet wide, with seven arches. On the ground-floor of this quadrangle was a spacious hall, paved with Purbeck marble; the roof 'arched over

the top with carved timbers of curious workmanship, and of great worth, being a goodly ornament to the same;' at the upper end was 'a very large picture of the bignesse of a paire of stagges horns seenne in France.'

On the second floor was the Presence Chamber, with carved wainscot oak, richly gilt, the ceiling being enriched with gilt pendants; and coats of arms were set in the large windows. These windows opened south on the walk in the Great Garden, leading to the green gates into the Park, where was a double avenue of trees a mile long. On the same floor were also the Privy Chamber, the withdrawing Chamber, the King's Bed-chamber, and a Gallery 123 feet by 21, wainscoted with oak; also with paintings of cities, a fretted ceiling, with pendants and flowers, richly painted and gilt; also large stags' heads: the windows of this Gallery looking north into the Park, and so to Cheshunt.

"On an upper floor were the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings, my Lord's Withdrawing Chamber, and several other apartments. Near the Chamberlain's lodgings on the east was a leaded walk, sixty-two feet in length, and eleven in breadth, with an arch of freestone over it; 'which said arch and walk,' says the Survey, 'looking eastward into the middle court, and into the highway leading from London to Ware, standeth high, and may easily be discerned by passengers and travellers to their delight.' On the west of the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings was another walk of the same dimensions, looking westward into the Fountain-court." At each corner of these walks stood four lofty towers, with lions and vanes; and in the walk over the hall, in the midst of the four corners, was a lantern-tower, with pinnacles at each corner, wherein were twelve bells and a clock with chimes.

"The Park contained 2,508 acres, valued, together with six lodges, one of which was in the occupation of Colonel Cecil, at 1,545*. 15s. 4d.* per annum. The deer were valued at 1,000*/.*; the rabbits at 15*/.*; the timber at 7,259*. 13s. 2d.*; exclusive of 15,608 trees marked for the use of the Navy, and others already cut down for that purpose; the materials of the barns and walls were valued at 1,570*. 16s. 3d.*"

The gardens were large, and ornamented with labyrinths, canals, and fountains. The great garden contained several acres, and there was, besides, a pheasant, privy, and laundry garden. In the former were nine knots, artificially and exquisitely made, one of them in imitation of the king's arms.

"After the Restoration, the manor of Theobalds was granted, in 13 Car. II., to George Duke of Albemarle; and it subsequently descended to the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq. The park and grounds remained in the Crown, until granted in 1 and 2 William

\* This curious picture is at Hinton St. George, the seat of Earl Poulett, in Somersetshire. Horace Walpole supposed the architecture to have been painted by Steenwyck, and the figures copied from Vaudyck by Polenborg or Van Bassen. There is a folio engraving by S. Sparrow, jun., published by Edward Harding in 1800, and a small copy by Aug. Fox, in Pickering's edition of Walton and Cotton's Angler, p. 52.

and Mary, to William Duke of Portland, to whose heirs they descended, until sold in 1763 to George Prescott, Esq., the grandfather of the present Sir George Beeston Prescott, of Cheshunt Park.

"The last stages of the decay of Theobalds were recorded by Mr. Gough, first in his *Catalogue of British Topography*, and afterwards in his *Additions to Camden's Britannia*. The room said to have been that in which King James I. died, and the parlour under it, with a cloister or portico having the Cecil pedigree painted on the walls, were standing until 1765, when George Prescott, Esq., cleared out the site for building. 'It is now,' adds Mr. Gough, 'covered with gentlemen's houses; and the only remains of its ancient grandeur are a walk of abees, between two walls, a circular summer-house, and the traces of the park wall, nine or ten miles round, built by James I.' Mr. Gough purchased so much of the chimney-piece of the parlour as had survived the demolition. It is two-thirds of a group of figures in alto relieveo, representing in the centre Minerva, driving away Discord, overthrowing Idolatry, and restoring true Religion. The architecture is ornamented with garbs or wheat-sheaves, from the Cecil crest. It is carved in clunch, or soft stone, probably by Florentine artists. Mr. Gough placed it over the chimney-piece of his library at Fortyhill, Enfield, where it remained until 1834, and was then presented by his representative, John Farran, Esq., to J. B. Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., who removed it to his house, the Chancellor's, Hammersmith.

"The Stables of Theobalds stood on the opposite side of the road leading from Waltham Cross to Cheshunt: and adjoining to them was a large building called the Almshouse. It is mentioned in the Life of the Earl of Salisbury, printed on his death in 1612, that it was occupied by 'aged and overworn Captaines, gentlemen by birth and calling.' This building, which had the arms of Cecil in front, and was furnished with a hall and chapel, was standing till about the year 1812."

#### THE WANDERER IN THE EAST.

"For Jerusalem is ruined, and Judah is fallen; because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord.—*Isaiah*, 3rd ch., 8th v.—'Moab is laid waste, and brought to silence.'—15th ch., 1st v.—'They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing.'—34th ch., 12 v.—'Babylon is fallen—is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods, he hath broken unto the ground.'—21st ch., 9th v.

WHAT didst thou find, lone pilgrim, say?  
Thou wand'rest through a desert land:  
Thickly the broken relics lay  
Among the wastes of sand;  
And resting in oblivion there,  
Lay records of the things that were!

I sought fair Zion's fallen pride,  
And thought memorials there to find;  
The Roman's ploughshare far and wide,  
Had left no trace behind!  
T thy doom was heard from lips divine,—  
No stone remains that once was thine.  
Mournfully through the stilly air,  
From dome and minaret ascends  
The Moslem's far-heard call to pray';  
That with the music sadly blends,  
From temples where the Christian's hymn  
Rises like voice of cherubim.  
Remnants of Judah's fallen race  
In Zion's ruins seek a home;  
But find e'en there no resting place,  
Doom'd evermore to roam:  
Sad wanderers of the weary breast,  
Earth has for them no place of rest.  
I sought Philistia's desert strand,  
Moab and Ammon's buried state;  
'Tis now a wild, unpeopled land,  
And all around is desolate;  
I heard the jackal's shrilly cry,  
And scorpions 'neath their altars lie.  
Proud Babylon! I found thy place,  
The giant temple is no more;  
But wild beasts stalk with solemn pace  
Along thy dreary shore:  
Few vestiges remain of thee—  
Of old 'twas said thus thin should be.  
O old Euphrates' ready shore,  
Still do the hoary willows wave;  
The captives' harp they bear no more—  
All silent as the grave;  
The owls' and bitterns' notes alone  
Are on the lonely echoes borne.  
Still, as of yore, majestic tide!  
Slow winding on thy devious way,  
Like a sad pilgrim, thou dost glide  
Where buried myriads lay:  
Lone, grassy mounds now only tell  
How low Chaldea's glory fell!  
Hush'd is the viol's sound of joy,  
The "pleasant palaces" are gone;  
Swift judgment hastened to destroy  
The golden idol's lofty throne—  
The impious throne that mock'd the skies,  
In one huge mass, a chaos lies.  
The desert blast sweeps wildly there,  
Where serpents hiss, and dragons dwell,:  
Ah! where are now thy gardens fair,  
And thy broad walls invincible?  
The gates of brass that scor'd decay—  
The princely towers in ruin lay.  
"Sit in the dust," deserved queen!  
The "worm is spread above thee" now;  
Great thine iniquity has been,  
And lasting is thy woe:  
"Sit thou in silence," widowed one!  
And mourn thy proud dominion gone.  
In careless ease when thou wert dwelling,  
Deep sunk in sin and pleasures vain,  
The gifted seer thy doom foretelling,  
Awoke a sad, prophetic strain;  
Far in the future, to his eye,  
Thy visioned downfall floated by.  
Why is the glorious East bestrew'd  
With mighty rains grass-o'ergrown—  
An everlasting solitude  
Amid the wreck of kingdoms gone—  
The busy hum returns no more,  
But silence broods that region o'er?  
Because sin reignd' uncheck'd, unbounded,  
O'er these dead empires in their pride;  
The voice of warning vainly sounded  
Their glittering palaces beside;  
Long disregarded judgment came,  
And left of all their splendour but the name!  
*Kirton-Lindsey.*

ANNE R.—

## Manners and Customs.

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### FUNERAL FLOWERS.

AMONG the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life which still linger in some parts of England, (says Mr. Washington Irving,) are those of strewing flowers before the funerals, and planting them at the graves of departed friends. These, it is said, are the remains of some of the rites of the primitive church; but they are of still higher antiquity, having been observed among the Greeks and Romans, and frequently mentioned by their writers; and were, no doubt, spontaneous tributes of unlettered affection, originating long before art had tasked itself to modulate sorrow into song, or stroy it on the monument. They are now only to be met with in the most distant and retired places of the kingdom, where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in, and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time. There is a most delicate and beautiful rite observed in some of the remote villages of the south, where, at the funeral of a female who has died young and unmarried, a chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl nearest in age, size, and resemblance; and is afterwards hung up in the church over the accustomed seat of the deceased. These chaplets are sometimes made of white paper, in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of white gloves. They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven. In some parts of the country, the dead are carried to the grave with the singing of psalms and hymns. This is observed in some of the northern counties, particularly in Northumberland; and it has a pleasant though melancholy effect, to hear, on a still evening, in some lonely country scene, the mournful melody of a funeral dirge swelling from a distance, and to see the train slowly moving along the landscape. The rich vein of melancholy which runs through the English character, and which gives it some of its most touching and ennobling graces, is finely evidenced in these pathetic customs, and in the solicitude shown by the common people for an honoured and a peaceful grave. The humblest peasant, whatever may be his lowly lot while living, is anxious that some little respect may be paid to his remains. The custom of decorating graves was once universally prevalent: osiers were carefully bent over them, to keep the turf uninjured, and about them were planted evergreens and flowers. The custom of adorning graves with flowers and redolent plants has now become extremely rare in England; but it may still be met with in the churchyards of retired villages among the Welsh mountains;

and I recollect an instance of it at the small town of Ruthen, which lies at the head of the beautiful vale of Clewyd. I have been told by a friend who was present at the funeral of a young girl in Glamorganshire, that the female attendants had their aprons full of flowers, which, as soon as the body was interred, they stuck about the grave. He also noticed several graves which had been decorated in the same manner; but, as the flowers had been merely stuck in the ground, and not planted, they had soon withered, and might be seen in various states of decay, some drooping, others quite perished. They were afterwards to be supplanted by holly, rosemary, and other evergreens, which, on some graves had grown to great luxuriance, and overshadowed the tombstones. There was, formerly, a melancholy fancifulness in the arrangement of these rustic offerings, that had something in it truly poetical: the rose was sometimes blended with the lily, to form a general emblem of frail mortality. The nature and colour of the flowers, and of the ribands with which they were tied, had often a particular reference to the qualities or story of the deceased, or were expressive of the feelings of the mourner. The white rose was planted at the grave of a virgin; her chaplet was tied with white ribands, in token of her spotless innocence; though sometimes, black ribands were intermingled to bespeak the grief of the survivors. The red rose was occasionally used in remembrance of such as had been remarkable for benevolence; but roses, in general, were appropriated to the graves of lovers. Evelyn tells us, that the custom was not altogether extinct in his time; near his dwelling in the county of Surrey, where the maidens yearly planted and decked the graves of their defunct sweethearts with rose-bushes. When the deceased had been unhappy in their loves, emblems of a more gloomy character were used, such as the yew and cypress; and if flowers were strewn, they were of the most melancholy colours. It is greatly to be regretted, that a custom so truly elegant and touching has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical customs always shun the walks of cultivated society: in proportion as people grow polite, they cease to be poetical. In North Wales, the peasantry kneel and pray over the graves of their deceased friends, for several Sundays after the interment; and where the tender rite of strewing and planting flowers is still practised, it is always renewed on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, when the season brings the companion of former festivity more vividly to mind. It is invariably performed by the nearest relatives and friends; neither menials nor hirelings are employed; and if a neighbour yields assistance, it would

be deemed an insult to offer compensation. There is, certainly, something more affecting in these prompt and spontaneous offerings of nature, than in the most costly monuments of art: the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labour of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble. W. G. C.

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#### MIDSUMMER-EVE AT PENZANCE.

MIDSUMMER is a jubilee throughout Cornwall; but in no part of the country, (says Mr. Cook,) is it celebrated with more hilarity than at Penzance and its neighbourhood. In the evening, numbers of young men assemble in several parts of the town, drawing after them branches of trees and furze, which have been accumulating from the beginning of May. Tar-barrels are then raised on tall poles; some on the quay, others near the market, and one on a rock in the midst of the sea; after which, torches are brought, and the heaped-up wood and tar-barrels are set on fire. Female children are seen tripping up and down in their best attire, decorated with garlands, and hailing Midsummer-eve as the vigil of St. John. From the terrace that commands the bay may be seen the fishing towns, farms, and villas, vying with each other in the number and splendour of their bonfires. As soon as the torches are burnt out, the inhabitants of the quay quarter, male and female, young and old, take hands, and forming a long string, run violently through every street, lane, and alley, crying, "An eye! an eye!" but, at last, they stop suddenly, and an eye to this enormous needle being opened by the last two in the string, (whose hands are elevated and arched,) the thread of populace run under and through, and continue the same amusement, till, wearied with the sport, they retire to their homes.

W. G. C.

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#### ST. WILFRID'S FEAST.

A SINGULAR custom prevails at Ripon, Yorkshire, of carrying an effigy of Archbishop Wilfrid, the founder of Ripon Minster, on horseback through the town, for one day: this takes place annually in the month of August, on the first day of St. Wilfrid's feast, which lasts for four or five days.

W. G. C.

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#### The Public Journals.

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##### THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.

(From *Reminiscences of Stothard.*)

I do not remember the date of the year in which Stothard was employed to make his designs for the Wellington shield—they form

one of his great works. The merchants of London had, at a public meeting, agreed on presenting a silver-gilt shield to the Duke, as a mark of their sense of his merit as the greatest general of modern times. Messrs. Ward and Green of Ludgate Hill were the goldsmiths chosen to make the trophy. Artists were invited, without any restriction, to send in their designs for the compartments of the shield by a fixed day. The subjects were to be selected from the military career of the victorious general. Stothard, who did not, I believe, hear of it quite so soon as other artists, found he had exactly three weeks before him to read the history of the war, to make choice of his subjects, to execute all his designs, and to send them into the committee. To any other than genius of the highest order, perfected by long practice, by having gained a facility in embodying its conceptions, the task to be performed in so short a time would have been impossible. Stothard attempted and achieved it; and his drawings so infinitely surpassed all competition that they were chosen without a dissentient voice. Those who have never seen them can form no idea of the astonishing rapidity with which such a task must have been performed. When I first saw them, well knowing the circumstances under which they had been executed, I was struck dumb with amazement, though I had long known enough of the mind of the great painter to consider it equal to any object on which its energies might be turned.

The designs for the Wellington shield were rather large drawings, and executed in sepia. They commenced with the battle of Assaye in the East Indies, and conducted the gallant Duke through all his brilliant victories in the Peninsular War, and concluded with his receiving the ducal coronet from the hands of the Prince Regent after the battle of Waterloo. These subjects are ranged in compartments round the shield. In the centre, the general is seen seated on horseback, surrounded by the most eminent officers engaged in the war. Tyranny lies subdued and trampled under his horse's feet, whilst Victory, represented by a graceful female, is about to place a laurel crown upon his head. But the wonder of Stothard's talent concerning the Wellington shield was not confined to the manner in which he executed the designs. It was of course necessary that, before the chasing of the silver was commenced, an exact model of the drawings to be so chased should be executed as a guide to the persons who were to be employed on so nice a work. A Mr. Talmash was chosen, but he died suddenly soon after he was appointed to the task, and some difficulty arose as to who should succeed him, when, to the extreme surprise of all, Stothard offered to make the models himself from his own designs, and,

with a rapidity scarcely less extraordinary than his former exertions, and wholly unpractised as he was in this branch of art, he produced one of the most masterly models ever executed of its kind. He had now gone so far that he determined to superintend the whole work till the shield should be completed.

I used to hear him talk a great deal about it, and I know that he agreed in the opinion that a *bronze* shield, though less costly, would have been a richer and more classical material for his designs, and one the most likely to go down to posterity, since in times of tumult and civil strife (and who could say such would never occur again in England?) trophies of this nature, if they fall into the hands of the rude soldiery, or of the multitude, are less likely to escape pillage in silver than in bronze. Even a memorial to the Duke of Wellington might be consigned to the melting pot, if misrule or rebellion once more gained the mastery in our land; for the warlike achievements of Henry the Fifth could not save his head, formed of silver, from the plunder of the godly, who tore it from his tomb in the abbey of Westminster, when the iron rule of Cromwell had usurped that of a crowned king.

Whilst the shield was in progress the Duke and Duchess of Wellington honoured the venerable artist with a visit at his house in Newman-street. His son Charles was with him to receive them—they were both highly gratified with the interview, and spoke of the Duke as a man whose superiority was apparent in all he said. I asked Mr. Stothard what was the general impression the Duke had left on his mind. He replied, "That of strong sense—he looked attentively at my drawings, but I observed that every remark he made was decided—not as if he came to see his actions illustrated by my designs for them, but to see if I understood what he had been about. He was satisfied. He is a gentleman, but I will venture to say no courtier. The Duchess was very pleasing, and seemed a very gentle person, fond of the arts. She noticed my female figures, but the Duke was taken up with my soldiers."

The shield was finished and presented; and for some time before the ceremony of presentation took place, Messrs. Ward and Green very liberally and obligingly exhibited it by gratuitous tickets of admission at their house in Ludgate Hill, where it was seen by most persons of rank and talent of the day. It was indeed a gorgeous work, but I thought it dazzled the eyes too much, and wished again and again that it had been in bronze. Mr. Stothard afterwards executed, as an amusement of a winter's evening, his eight large and masterly etchings from his own designs for the shield. The last day I ever had the happiness of spending with him (it

was at his own house), he presented us with the whole series, proof impressions, of these beautiful etchings. It is needless to say how they are valued, as coming from such a hand, and as one of the last memorials of a connexion of years' standing, and one that now awakens the blended recollections of affection, reverence, and regret.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### Fine Arts.

#### ENGRAVING.

An engraver, at whatever eminence he may arrive in his profession, is rarely or ever able to realize more than from four to five hundred pounds a year by the labour of his own hands. There are, however, people who, without being able to engrave a plate that would not discredit the youngest of their pupils, contrive to realize as many thousands, by a very considerable improvement on the practice of Mr. Uwins's instructor. The plan of operation is simple, and demands little beyond an unusual share of confidence, and, in the first instance, a very moderate investment of capital. There are in this, as in every profession, a numerous class of persons, who are content to forego every contingent advantage, and to resign all hope of honourable distinction in the walks of art they have respectively chosen, for the sake of certain and regular employment; and who are willing to place at the disposal of their employers, not only the whole of their labour, but every chance of the reputation they might hope to achieve, were their own names attached to the productions of their burins. To such persons, the temptation of a regular, weekly stipend, and perfect freedom from the anxieties to which all pursuits demanding the exercise of mental energy are liable, is too strong to be resisted; and, after a few years' drudgery, they settle down to mere mechanics; without the prospect, and with scarcely the desire, of relieving themselves from their servitude;—unfitted, indeed, to take an independent position in their art, because their employer has taken care, by restricting them to a single department of their profession, to render their escape from his bondage neither prudent nor practicable. Should the victim be a man with a wife and family around him, his chains are still more closely riveted; whilst his master drives about the Parks in his carriage, assumes the dignified character of a patron of Modern Art; and receives from the public that meed of applause for the performances of his co-adjudicators, which constitutes a part of the sacrifice they are called upon to make, in order to secure his countenance and support. An establishment of the class to which we allude, contains from ten to forty hands, who

are divided and subdivided with the most religious attention to their peculiar qualifications, into "Skies," "Draperies," "Landscapes," "Backgrounds," "Interiors," "Trees," "Water," "Flesh," "Etching," &c. No sooner, therefore, has the last mentioned process been accomplished, than the plate is handed, like the first instalment of a new pin, to the gentleman who, under "skyey influences," happens to be the most dexterous "ruler in" skies: from him it passes successively through the hands of manufacturers of "Drapery," "Landscape," "Flesh," &c., as the case may require. Finally, it is referred to the *imprimatur* of the "finisher," who, after a few touches here and there, for the purpose of harmonizing its patchwork execution, sends it into the world spicke and span, and as smooth as silk, with the name of his employer beneath it. By this process, the pockets of the manufacturer are continually replenished, and the names of many of the finest engravers in the country are never so much as whispered to the public.—*Watts's Cabinet of Modern Art.*

### Antiquariana.

#### THE KING'S BOARD, GLOUCESTER.

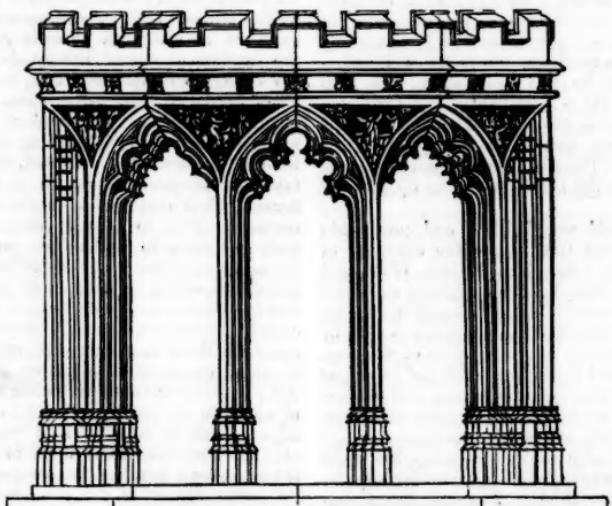
The King's Board, in the city of Gloucester, was formerly assigned as the place of sale for butter and cheese. It stood in the middle of the Westgate-street, at the west end of Trinity Church, nearly opposite the College-court; and was built by Richard II., who held a parliament of twenty-eight days in this city, in the year 1378. The Board is

said by Doctor Stukeley to have been "a magnificent market-house of Gothic architecture, uncommon and ancient, but finely adorned." Martin, in his *Itinerary*, written in the year 1759, describes it as "a small market-house, over which was a cistern of Severn water. Over the arches and on the sides and ends of it were many historical parts of the Holy Scriptures curiously carved." At each corner was a large statue, and, on the upper part, a cross upon a pyramid, between four effigies with battlements around it.

It was evident that Martin was unacquainted with the common terms of architecture; for, the carvings which he states to have been over the arches, and on the ends and sides of them, are in the spandrels and the ornamented cusps, where they appear in a more perfect state than might have been expected, after a lapse of nearly 500 years. The form of this beautiful structure is the frustum of a duodecagon, and is faithfully represented below, from a drawing, made by Mr. Fulljames, an eminent architect and surveyor, of Gloucester.

In the year 1691, the Board was taken down, and purchased by Benjamin Hyett, Esq., who had it again set up on the east side of a vista in a grove adjoining his house in the Bear land. It remained here until the building of the County Prison, when it was purchased by the late Robert Smith, Esq., who erected it in the garden adjoining his house in Barton-street.

This interesting specimen of ancient architecture has again been taken down in making a new street: it has been purchased by John Chadborn, Esq., one of the aldermen of



(The King's Board, Gloucester.)



(Plot of Cow Cabbage, in Jersey.)

Gloucester, and is now placed in the pleasure-ground adjoining his residence, where it will be carefully preserved from desecration.

These details have been obligingly furnished by G. W. Counsel, Esq., author of a *History of Gloucester*, and well acquainted with the antiquities of that city.

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### THE COW CABBAGE.

The above is somewhat the appearance of a plot of a variety of cow cabbage growing in Jersey. It is much cultivated there, and attains the height of from 4 feet to 10 feet or 12 feet. The little farmers feed the cows with the leaves, plucking them from the stem as they grow, and leaving a bunch or head at the top. The stems are very strong, and used for roofing small out-buildings; and after this purpose is answered, and they are become dry, they are used for fuel. When the gathering of the leaves is finished at the end of the year, the terminating bud or head is boiled, and said to be particularly sweet.

The culture of the Cow Cabbage is thus stated by a nurseryman of Jersey:—The seed is sown, from about the 20th of August to the 1st of September, in a good soil, and planted out, from November to January and February, in succession, at from 20 to 30 inches distance, in a good, substantial, well-manured soil; as no plant is more exhausting or requires a better soil, but, perhaps, no one plant produces so large a quantity of nutrient during its period of vegetation. About the month of April they begin (from the first crop) to strip the under leaves, cut them in small pieces, mix them with sour milk, bran, and other farinaceous substances, and give them as food to ducks, geese, hogs, &c.

During the whole summer they continue stripping the plant as above stated, until it attains the height of from six to twelve feet; and, if a scarcity of herbage prevails, the green leaves form excellent food for cows and oxen, with alternate feeds of hay and straw. The tops and side shoots are excellent at table during winter and spring. The longest of the stalks are frequently used to support scarlet-runners and other French beans, and as cross rafters for farm buildings under thatch, and have been known to last more than half a century, when kept dry, for the latter purpose.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

#### BETT-ROOT SUGAR.

[We quote the following account of the process of manufacturing sugar from beet-root from the *Penny Cyclopædia*, the best as well as the cheapest work of its class.]

The white beet has been chiefly cultivated for the extraction of sugar from its juice. It is smaller than the mangel wursel, and more compact, and appears in its texture to be more like the Swedish turnip. For the manufacture of sugar, the smaller beet, of which the roots weigh only one or two pounds, are preferred by Chaptal, who, besides being a celebrated chemist, was also a practical agriculturist, and a manufacturer of sugar from beet-root.\*

This manufacture sprang up in France in consequence of Bonaparte's scheme for destroying the colonial prosperity of Great Britain by excluding British colonial produce. It having been found that from the juice of the beet-root a crystallizable sugar could be obtained, he encouraged the establishment of the manufacture by every advantage which

\* See the Memoir of Chaptal, *Mirror*, vol. xx., p. 88.

monopoly and premiums could give it. Colonial sugar was at the enormous price of four and five francs a pound, and the use of it had become so habitual, that no Frenchman could do without it. Several large manufactories of sugar from beet-root were established, some of which only served as pretexts for selling smuggled colonial sugar as the produce of their own works. Count Chaptal, however, established one on his own farm, raising the beet-root, as well as extracting the sugar. We here give a brief account of the process, taken chiefly from his own publications, especially the work entitled *La Chimie appliquée à l' Agriculture*, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1829. The first operation is to clean the roots: some effect this by washing, but Chaptal prefers scraping and paring them with a knife, although by this means one-sixth part of the root is wasted, as the scrappings mixed with earth cannot be safely given to cattle, and even the pigs eat but little of it; but it adds to the manure, and is therefore not altogether lost. Six tons of beet-root are thus reduced to five, which are next to be rasped and reduced to a pulp. This is done by a machine consisting of a cylinder of tinned iron, two feet in diameter, and eighteen inches in the axis, on which it is turned by machinery. On the circumference of this cylinder are fixed, by means of screws, ninety narrow plates of iron, rising three-fourths of an inch from the surface and parallel to the axis, at equal distances all round; the outer or projecting edges of these plates are cut into teeth like a saw; a slanting box is fixed to the frame on which the axis of the cylinder turns, so that the roots may be pressed against these plates. The cylinder is made to revolve rapidly, and the roots are thus scraped, the pulp falling into a vessel, lined with lead, placed below. When two such cylinders are made to revolve 400 times in a minute by a sufficient power, whether water, wind, or horses, two and a half tons of roots are ground down in two hours. It is necessary that this operation should proceed rapidly, or else the pulp acquires a dark colour, and an incipient fermentation takes place, which greatly injures the future results. As the pulp is ground it is put into strong canvas bags, and placed under a powerful press to squeeze out the juice. The residue is stirred, and subjected to a second and third pressure, if necessary, till every particle of juice is extracted. As the liquor is pressed out, it runs into a copper, until it is two-thirds filled. The strength is ascertained by an instrument similar to the saccharometer used by brewers, called the *pèse-liqueur* of Beaumé,\* which shows the

specific gravity of the liquid. The fire is now lighted, and by the time the copper is full the heat should be raised to  $178^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit's thermometer ( $65^{\circ}$  of Réaumur), but no higher.

In the meantime a mixture of lime and water has been prepared by gradually pouring as much water upon 10 lbs. of quick lime as will make the mixture of the consistency of cream. This is poured into the copper when the heat is steadily at  $178^{\circ}$ , and is well mixed with the juice by stirring it. The heat is then increased till the mixture boils, when a thick and glutinous scum rises to the surface. As soon as clear bubbles rise through this scum, the fire is suddenly put out by water poured on it or by a proper damper. The scum hardens as it cools, and the sediment being deposited the liquor becomes clear and of a light straw colour. The scum is then carefully taken off with a skimmer having holes in it, and is put into a vessel till such time as the liquor remaining in it can be pressed out. A cock is now opened about five inches above the bottom of the boiler, and all the clear liquor is drawn off. Another cock lower down lets out the remainder until it begins to appear cloudy; what still remains is afterwards boiled again with what is extracted by pressure from the scum. The clear liquor is now subjected to evaporation in another boiler, which is wide and shallow. The bottom is but slightly covered with the juice at first, and it boils rapidly. As the water evaporates, fresh juice is let in. When a certain degree of inspissation, or thickening, has taken place, so as to show five or six degrees of strength on the *pèse-liqueur*, animal charcoal is gradually added till the liquor arrives at  $20^{\circ}$ . One hundred weight of charcoal is required for the juice of two and a half tons of beet, which is now reduced to about 400 gallons. The evaporation by boiling continues till the saccharometer marks  $25^{\circ}$ , and a regular syrup is obtained. This is now strained through a linen bag, and the liquor is kept flowing by means of steam or hot air, and assisted by pressure. In two or three hours all the clear syrup will have run through.

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Although most of the operations are nearly the same as those by which the juice of the sugar-cane is prepared for use, much greater skill and nicety are required in rendering the juice of the beet-root crystallizable on account of its greater rawness, and the smaller quantity of sugar that it contains. But when this sugar is refined, it is impossible for the most experienced judge to distinguish it from the other, either by the taste or appearance; and from this arose the facility with which smuggled colonial sugar was sold in France, under the name of sugar from beet-root. Five tons of clean roots produce about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of coarse sugar, which give about 160 lbs of double-refined sugar, and 60 lbs. of inferior lump-sugar. The rest is molasses, from which a good spirit is distilled. The dry residue of the roots, after expressing the juice, consists chiefly of fibre and mucilage, and amounts to about one-fourth of the weight of the clean roots used. It contains all the nutritive part of the root, with the exception of 4 per cent of sugar, which has been extracted from the juice, the rest being water. Two pounds of this dry residue, and half a pound of good hay, are considered as sufficient food for a moderate-sized sheep for a day, and will keep it in good condition; and cattle in proportion.

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Another mode of making sugar from beet-root, practised in some parts of Germany, is as follows, and is said to make better sugar than the other process. The roots having been washed are sliced lengthways, strung on packthread and hung up to dry. The object of this is to let the watery juice evaporate, and the sweet juice, being concentrated, is taken up by macerating the dry slices in water. It is managed so that all the juice shall be extracted by a very small quantity of water, which saves much of the trouble of evaporation. Professor Lampadius obtained from 110 lbs. of roots 4 lbs. of well-grained white powder-sugar, and the residuum afforded 7 pints of spirit. Achard says that about a ton of roots produced 100 lbs. of raw sugar, which gave 55 lbs. of refined sugar, and 25 lbs. of treacle. This result is not very different from that of Chaptal.

### New Books.

#### THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART, AND OTHER POEMS.

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On either side the path the headstones white:  
How wonderful is death—how passing thought!  
That nearer than yon glorious group of hills—  
Aye, but a scanty foot or two beneath  
This pleasant, sunny mound, corruption teems;  
And that one sight of that which is so near,  
Could turn the current of our joyful thoughts,  
Which not e'en now disturbs them.

See this stone

Not, like the rest, full of the dazzling noon,  
But sober brown—round which the ivy twines  
Its searching tendrils, and the yew-tree shade  
Just covers the short grave. He mourned not ill  
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On either side the path the headstones white:  
How wonderful is death—how passing thought  
That nearer than you glorious group of hills—  
Aye, but a scanty foot or two beneath  
This pleasant, sunny mound, corruption tempts;  
And that one sight of that which is so near,  
Could turn the current of our joyful thoughts,  
Which not e'er now disturb them.

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Not, like the rest, full of the dazzling noon,  
But sober brown—round which the ivy twines  
Its searching tendrils, and the yew-tree shade  
Just covers the short grave. He mourned not ill  
Who graved the simple plate without a name:  
"This grave's a cradle, where an infant lies,  
Rockt faste asleep with Death's sad lullabyes."

And yet methinks he did not care to wrong  
The Genius of the place when he wrote "sad":

## THE MIRROR.

The chime of hourly clock—the mountain-stream  
That sends up ever to thy resting place  
Its gush of many voices—and the crow  
Of matin cock, faint it may be but shrill,  
From elm-embosomed farms among the dells,—  
These, little slumberer, are thy lunabyses :  
Who would not sleep a sweet and peaceful sleep  
Thus hush'd and sung to with all pleasant sounds ?

And I can stand beside thy cradle, child,  
And see you belt of clouds in silent pomp  
Midway the mountain sailing slowly on,  
Whose beacon top peers over on the vale ;—  
And upward narrowing in thick-timbered dells,  
Dark solemn coombs, with wooded buttresses  
Propping his mighty weight—each with its stream,  
Now leaping sportfully from crag to crag,  
Now smoothed in clear, black pools—then in the  
valley,

Through lanes of bowering foliage glittering on  
By cots, and farms, and quiet villages,  
And meadows brightest green. Who would not sleep  
Rocked in so fair a cradle ?

But that word,  
That one word—"death," comes over my sick brain  
Wrapping my vision in a sudden swoon :  
Blotting the gorgeous pomp of sun and shade,  
Mountain, and wooded cliff, and sparkling stream,  
In a thick, dazzling darkness. Who art thou  
Under this hillock on the mountain side ?  
I love the like of thee with a deep love,  
And therefore called thee dear—thou who art now  
A handful of dull earth. No lullabyes  
Hearst thou now, be they or sweet or sad—  
Not revelry of streams, nor pomp of clouds,  
Not the blue top of mountain—not the woods  
That clothe steeples have any joy for thee.

Go to then—tell me not of balmy rest.  
In fairest cradle—for I never felt  
One-half so keenly as I feel it now,  
That not the promise of the sweetest sleep  
Can make me smile on death. Our days and years  
Pass onward—and the mighty of old time  
Have put their glory by and laid them down  
Undrest of all the attributes they wore,  
In the dark sepulchre—strange preference  
To fly from beds of down and softest strains  
Of timbrel and of pipe, to the cold earth,  
The silent chamber of unknown decay ;  
To yield the delicate flesh, so loved of late  
By the informing spirit, to the maw  
Of unrelenting waste ; to go abroad  
From the sweet prison of that moulded clay,  
Into the pathless air, among the vast  
And unnamed multitude of trembling stars ;  
Strange journey, to attempt the void unknown  
From whence no news returns ; and cast the freight  
Of nicely treasured life at once away.

Come, let us talk of Death—and sweetly play  
With his black locks, and listen for awhile  
To the lone music of the passing wind  
In the rank grass that waves above his bed.

Is it not wonderful, the darkest day  
Of all the days of life—the hardest wrench  
That tries the coward sense, should mix itself  
In all our gentlest and most joyous moods  
A not unwelcome visitant—that Thought,  
In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot  
Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form  
Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself  
To his mysterious converse. I have roamed  
Through many mazes of unregistered  
And undetermined fancy ; and I know  
That when the air grows balmy to my feel,  
And rarer light falls on me, and sweet sounds  
Dance tremulously round my captive ears,  
I soon shall stumble on some mounded grave ;  
And ever of the thoughts that stay with me,  
(There are that fit away,) the pleasantest  
Is hand in hand with Death : and my bright hopes,  
Like the strange colours of divided light  
Fade into pale, uncertain violet  
About some hallowed precinct. Can it be

That there are blessed memories joined with Death,  
Of those who parted peacefully, and words  
That cling about our hearts, uttered between  
The day and darkness, in Life's twilight time ?

## SIR NATHANIEL WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS.

*(Continued from page 413.)*

*Doctor Dodd.*

WITH Dodd I was well acquainted. Some time during the month of November, 1776, dining at the house of Messrs. Dilly, the booksellers, not far from the Mansion House, who were accustomed frequently to entertain men of letters at their table, I there found myself seated very unworthily among several distinguished individuals. Wilkes, Jones, afterwards so well known as Sir William Jones, De Lolme, Dr. Dodd, with three or four others, composed the company. We were gay, animated, and convivial. Before we parted, Dodd invited us to a dinner at his residence in Argyle-street. A day was named, and all promised to attend. When we broke up, Dr. Dodd, who had shown me many civilities during the evening, offered to set me down at the west end of the town, adding that his own carriage was waiting at the door. I readily accepted the proposal, and he carried me back to the St. James's Coffee-house. The company accordingly met again on the evening fixed, when a very elegant repast was served, with French wines of various kinds. Mrs. Dodd presided, and afterwards received in her drawing-room a large party of both sexes. Dodd was a plausible, agreeable man ; lively, entertaining, well-informed, and communicative in conversation. While in prison, he wrote to me, urgently requesting my exertions with the late Lord Nugent to procure his pardon. If it could have been extended to him, without producing by the precedent incalculable injury to society, his majesty would undoubtedly have exercised in *his* case the prerogative of mercy. He felt the strongest impulse to save Dodd, not only on account of the numerous and powerful applications made in his favour, but as a clergyman who had been one of his own chaplains. The Earl of Mansfield, however, prevented so pernicious an act of grace. I have heard Lord Sackville recount the circumstances that took place in the council held on the occasion, at which the king assisted. To the firmness of the lord chief-justice, Dodd's execution was due : for, no sooner had he pronounced his decided opinion that no mercy ought to be extended, than the king, taking up the pen, signed the death-warrant. He died penitent and pusillanimous. The weather on the 27th of June, 1777, when he suffered, was most variable, changing perpetually from bright sunshine to heavy storms of rain ; during one of which latter pelting showers he was turned off at Tyburn. His body, conveyed to a house in

the city of London, underwent every scientific professional operation which, it was hoped, might restore animation. Pott, the celebrated surgeon, was present to direct them. There were even found persons sufficiently credulous to believe that Dodd had been resuscitated, and privately transported to Aix in Provence. Lord Chesterfield never altogether surmounted the unfavourable impression produced by the prominent share which he took in Dodd's prosecution, though time obliterated it in a certain degree.

*Parallel of Pitt and Pericles.*

It has always appeared to me, that some very strong points of resemblance existed between Pericles and Pitt. Both were during many years the ministers of a free people. Both long enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and corresponding power. If the goddess of Persuasion was said to have placed herself on the lips of Pericles, so did she on those of Pitt. The same fascinating beauty and roundness of expression were common to both. Disinterestedness, and superiority to all personal acquisition, alike distinguished them. Pericles had indeed the advantage of inheriting a larger paternal fortune than the English minister; but he no more increased it at the national expense, than did Pitt. Both survived, if not the public favour, yet the public prosperity; and beheld their friends accused or sacrificed to public clamour. The fate of Phidias, Pericles' friend, charged with converting to his own use a part of the gold confided to him for ornamenting the statue of Minerva, bears a striking analogy to Lord Melville's impeachment, founded on his supposed appropriation or alienation of public money. But the Scottish minister ultimately escaped, while the immortal artist of antiquity perished in prison. Pitt, like Pericles, engaged in a long and disastrous conflict with foreign enemies: the latter, when he commenced the Peloponnesian war; the former, with revolutionary France. Neither of them survived to witness its termination. The Athenian, after sustaining the severest afflictions and privations in his family, sank under the attacks of a pestilential malady, in the third year of hostilities. The English statesman closed his memorable career precisely at the same period of the renewed struggle against the French republic,—or rather against the military despotism of its foreign ruler. Here, indeed, the parallel ends; for Pitt had no *Aspasia*. It is in Fox's history that we must look for her.

*The Duke of Queensberry.*

8th August, 1786.—Among the distinguished individuals who at this time were created British peers, the Duke of Queensberry received the title of Baron Douglas. He

is better known as Earl of March, having passed his fiftieth year before he succeeded to the dukedom of Queensberry. Few noblemen have occupied a more conspicuous place about the court, and the town, during at least half a century, under the reigns of George the Second and Third. Like Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasure under every shape; and with as much ardour at fourscore, as he had done at twenty. After exhausting all the gratifications of human life, towards its close he sat down at his residence, near Hyde Park Corner, where he remained a spectator of that moving scene, which Johnson denominated "the full tide of human existence," but in which he could no longer take a very active part. I lived in almost daily habits of intercourse with him, when I was in London, during the last seven years of his protracted career. His person had then become a ruin; but not so his mind. Seeing only with one eye, hearing very imperfectly only with one ear, nearly toothless, and labouring under multiplied infirmities, he possessed all his intellectual faculties, including his memory. Never did any man retain more animation, or manifest a sounder judgment. Even his figure, though emaciated, still remained elegant: his manners were noble and polished; his conversation gay, always entertaining, generally original, rarely instructive, frequently libertine; indicating a strong, sagacious, masculine intellect, with a thorough knowledge of man. If I were compelled to name the particular individual who had received from nature the keenest common sense of any person I ever knew, I should select the Duke of Queensberry. Unfortunately, his sources of information, the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world, were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with favourable ideas of his own species. Information as acquired from books, he always treated with contempt; and used to ask me, what advantage, or solid benefit, I had ever derived from the knowledge that he supposed me to possess of history;—a question which it was not easy for me satisfactorily to answer, either to him or to myself. Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman, throughout the metropolis, directed their aim.

If he had lived under Charles the Second, he might have disputed for pre-eminence in the favour of that prince, with the Arlingtons, the Buckinghams, the Falmouths, and the Dorsets, so celebrated under his reign. Many fabulous stories were circulated and believed respecting him; as, among others, that he wore a glass eye, that he used milk baths, and other idle tales.

When approaching the verge of life, and labouring under many diseases or infirmities,

the duke's temper, naturally impetuous, though long subdued to the restraints of polished society, often became irritable. As he had too sound an understanding not to despise every species of flattery, we sometimes entered on discussions, during the course of which he was not always master of himself. But he knew how to repair his errors. I have now before my eyes his last note to me, written by himself in pencil, only a short time before his death. It runs thus:—"I hope you will accept this as an apology for my irritable behaviour when you called this morning. I will explain all when I see you again."—Notwithstanding the libertine life that he had led, he contemplated with great firmness and composure of mind his approaching, and almost imminent dissolution; while Dr. Johnson, a man of exemplary moral conduct, and personally courageous, could not bear the mention of death, nor look, without shuddering, at a thigh-bone in a churchyard. The Duke of Queensberry, like Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, might have said with truth,

"Incertus morior, non perturbatus."

His decease, when it took place, occasioned no ordinary emotion throughout London, on account of the number of individuals who were interested in the distribution of his fortune. Besides his estates in Scotland and in England, he left in money about nine hundred thousand pounds sterling. Nearly seven hundred thousand pounds of this sum he gave away in legacies: the remainder he bequeathed to the present Countess of Yarmouth. Notwithstanding his very advanced age, he would have lived longer, if he had not accelerated his end by imprudence in eating fruit.

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#### DR. WALSH'S RESIDENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

##### *Terrific Fires.*

On the 1st of March, 1823, about eight o'clock in the morning, a woman at Tophana went to the bath, and left a tandoor, at which she was sitting, burning till her return. Before she came back, however, the fire communicated to the table, and, when she returned, the room was in a blaze. The Turks seldom notice the conflagration of a single house, or of several; so the neighbours pursued their usual business, leaving the fire to go out of itself, or the old woman to extinguish it, as it pleased Allah. The house was situated in the bottom of the valley of Tophana, near the market, and in the most dense and crowded part of Pera, and the fire immediately communicated to the adjoining houses. The wind had blown very strong from the south for several days before, and the weather was dry; so that the houses in this quarter, which were all built of wood,

were in a very inflammable state, and the fire immediately spread in the direction of the wind with great rapidity. In two hours, it had made such progress that all Pera was alarmed. The view from the top of the English palace about ten o'clock was very terrific; the whole valley of Tophana seemed on fire. Several minarets of mosques which rose from the midst of the flames, appeared like immense torches stuck in the ground; their white sides remaining untouched, while a cone of flame issued from the top. The wind was blowing strong from the south, and directly up the valley; so the flames were carried rapidly along in that direction.

About eleven o'clock, I proceeded to the back of the Galata Serai, to the open space which yet remained unbuilt after a fire of last year in this place. The conflagration was advancing rapidly up the street that led to this space. Five fire-engines had been brought down, and a number of trombadgees, with their naked arms and metal caps, were sitting idly on them. The street was narrow, and but one was brought to bear on the fire; the rest were inactive, with the firemen smoking their pipes. Beside these were men with long poles, terminated with iron hooks, like boat-hooks; with these they attempted to pull down a house next the one on fire; but after a few boards in the front were displaced, they desisted, and stood with their poles erect against the wall. Men with axes also made an effort to cut away some timber; but, in a short time, they all desisted, and suffered the fire quietly to proceed. The houses here belonged to poor people, who could not give them bacshish, and so they made no exertions.

The fire now grew so hot that I could remain no longer, and I returned. The people from the neighbouring houses were slowly removing what they possessed. This generally is not much. There are no tables, chairs, beds, or any of the numerous articles with which our houses are encumbered. Almost the whole furniture consists of the cushion of the divan, on which an oriental eats, sits, and sleeps with a thick quilt thrown over him. This he takes on his back and walks out of his house when the fire comes next door. Among the fugitives, an old woman came out of the house adjoining the fire with her whole furniture—a stool in one hand, a reel in the other, a large gourd under each arm, and a cat on her shoulder; after some time, the cat began to struggle, unwilling to leave its old residence, and, at length, escaped back into the burning house. The mistress quietly followed it, and, after some delay, again brought it out. The cat still struggled, and a second time made its escape. The house was now falling fast in burning fragments, and several persons endeavoured to dissuade her from entering it;

but she would not desert her cat—went in once more in search of it, and was scarcely across the threshold when the whole fell in, and she and her cat were never seen more. Some bustle now occurred, and on inquiring into the cause, I found it was a horrible one. A law exists that any one found robbing at a fire is to be thrown into it. The Seraskier had just come up on horseback, and a man was accused before him of taking some property that did not belong to him. He was ordered by the Seraskier to be cast into the flames, and the bustle I saw was the execution of the sentence.

About two o'clock, the fire had spread as far as Beshiktash, and the whole face of the hill looking over the Bosphorus, for nearly two miles, was a sheet of fire. All the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had brought what they could save into the great burying-ground, and were bivouacked among the trees; so that the whole large space was filled up with fugitives and small heaps of furniture; but now the fire seized on the trees, the resin of the cypress rendered them highly inflammable, and the whole was in a blaze. The progress of the fire was as curious as it was beautiful. As the wind waved the slender and flexible summits of the cypress, they continually threw out from their extremities large, bright sheets of flame, which floated along unbroken to a considerable distance, like the lightning produced in theatres by throwing powdered resin against the flame of a candle. In a short time, the whole burying-ground was covered with a canopy of this blaze, and the poor people below, unable to bear the showers of fire which fell on them, were compelled to seek another asylum.

On this day, we dined at the Austrian Palace, and, about five o'clock, the fire seemed as if it had exhausted itself for want of fuel; but the wind had changed, and the flames had rolled upon a district which had hitherto escaped; and when, about nine o'clock, we came out of the saloon, the aspect of the fire was very awful. The Austrian Palace lies in a valley, and was now flanked by an immense amphitheatre of fire, as if it was at the bottom of the crater of an ignited volcano. The progress of the fire seemed very extraordinary. At the distance of several hundred yards from where it was raging, and among a dark mass of houses, a bright and luminous spot would appear. This remained stationary for a short time, and then suddenly burst into a blaze, which inclosed all the intervening houses, so that the fire became one continued surface. From this manner of progress, it seemed almost certain that fire was intentionally set to various distinct places at once; but it was clearly ascertained that these communications were made by light, ignited matter carried through

the air, and falling on the dry wood, which soon bursts into a flame in the heated atmosphere. The Turks and Franks here universally attribute it to *red-hot nails*, exploded from burning timber with such force as to stick in distant houses, and so communicate the fire. But there is no proof that nails so explode; nor, if they do, have they ever been found so communicating the fire. Simple flakes of light, inflammable stuff, which were floating about in the direction of the wind, would easily account for the effect.

We were now alarmed by the report of cannon, and imagined every moment that some conflict had commenced; and, in fact, a serious calamity had like to ensue. It had been rumoured all day that the fire was planned and executed by the Greeks, in connexion with the insurgents of the Morea, and the Turks were with difficulty restrained at different times from taking summary vengeance on all they could find. The fire at length reached the arsenal at Tophana about nine at night, and, instead of unloading the guns on the wharf, which were continually kept shotted, the Turks suffered the fire to seize the carriages, and they all exploded in succession, throwing their balls across to Scutari; some shells also, which, they say, were overlooked on the wharf, and overtaken by the fire, burst, and both circumstances created an extraordinary sensation in Pera; but, at Constantinople, it was reported to have been caused by an attack on the Turks, whose houses had been set on fire. An immediate *soulèvement* of the janissaries took place. They raised a cry, and ran down to the water-side to get boats to assist their friends. It would have been a tremendous addition to the calamity, if twenty or thirty thousand armed fellows had thus rushed into the burning city, like soldiers into a town taken by storm. The horrors of Scio would have been repeated; but providentially they were stopped. The janissary Aga had all the gates closed which led to the water, and in the mean time prevailed on them to ascertain the fact before they went over. Messengers were sent across, and having stated the real cause of the explosion of the guns, the janissaries dispersed. About four in the morning, the wind had entirely subsided, and the force of the fire with it, after it had continued to rage with inconceivable fury for above twenty hours.

The Turks having no kind of statistical tables, it is impossible to ascertain the number of houses destroyed; some accounts raise it so high as thirty thousand: but it is impossible. I went round the burnt district both while the fire was raging, and after it was extinguished, and I walked through the ruins. The extent of the fire was about 2,000 yards, not an English mile and a half, and the greatest breadth about 800 yards,

not quite half a mile: in that space were thirty-four mosques, all of which, with the houses attached to them were destroyed, or nearly so. The number of houses attached to a mosque forming a Turkish parish is very varied, so that I could make nothing of the data; but, supposing the Peninsula of Pera to contain 30,000 houses, and 150,000 inhabitants, which is the usual conjecture, it will appear that about one-third has been destroyed, or about 10,000 houses, and 50,000 people left without habitations, which is, in fact, a calamity of sufficient magnitude without any exaggeration. Comparatively, very few lost their lives, considering the imperturbable character of the Turks, and their utter inaptitude to take any precautions. About 500 persons, consisting of bed-ridden old men and women, sick and young children, perished in the ruins.

The fire was, as usual, attributed to the discontented janissaries, and was taken as an expression of their opinions. It was rather remarkable that not a single house belonging to a Frank, or even a Raya Christian, was consumed. Whatever the Sultan's opinion really was, he affected to believe it entirely accidental. A firman was immediately issued, that no Turk should, in future, leave his house without carefully extinguishing any fire remaining in his mongal or tandoor.

### The Gatherer.

*The Asphodel.*—It was formerly the custom to plant asphodel around the tombs of the deceased; its fine flowers producing grains, which, according to the belief of the ancients, afforded nourishment to the dead. Homer tells us, that having crossed the Styx, the shades passed over a long plain of asphodel. Orpheus, in Pope's *Ode on Cecilia's Day*, conjures the infernal deities—

By the streams that ever flow,  
By the fragrant winds that blow  
O'er the Elysian flowers;  
By those happy souls who dwell  
In yellow meads of asphodel,  
Or amaranthine bowers.

*Vegetable Lace.*—The inner bark of the Lace-bark Daphne is of such a texture, that it may be drawn out in long webs like lace, and has actually been worn as such. Charles the Second had a cravat made of it, which was presented to him by Sir Thomas Lynch, when governor of Jamaica.

*The Globe-Flower.*—This splendid flower adorns the path of the rustic on festival days. It is a bright yellow flower, blowing in May and June. In Westmoreland, these flowers are gathered with great festivity, by the youth of both sexes, at the beginning of June; about which time it is usual to see them return from the woods in an evening, laden

with them, to adorn their doors and cottages with wreaths and garlands.

*Gourds.*—The Bottle Gourd is, by the poor Arabians, boiled in vinegar and eaten. Sometimes they make this gourd into a kind of pudding, by filling the shell with rice and meat. In Jamaica, the shells are used as water-cups, and frequently serve the negroes and poorer white people for bottles. The largest kinds are cultivated for their shells, which will sometimes contain five, six, or seven gallons. The Warted Gourd is gathered when half grown by the Americans, and boiled as a sauce to their meat. The Water Melon serves the Egyptians for meat, drink, and medicine, from the beginning of May to the end of July. When it is very ripe, the juice, mixed with a little rose water and sugar, forms the only medicine which the common people take in the most ardent fevers.

*The Heart's-ease* has an infinity of provincial names, as:—

Love in Idleness.  
Live in Idleness.  
Call me to you.  
Cull me to you.  
Three Faces under a Hood.  
Herb Trinity.  
Jump up and Kiss me.  
Look up and Kiss me.  
Kiss me ere I rise.  
Kiss me behind the Garden-gate.  
Pink of my John.  
Flower of Jove.  
And Flamy, because its colours are seen  
in the flame of wood.

*Blacking.*—The Indians use the beautiful flowers of the Hibiscus, or China rose, to black their shoes; whence the plant has also been named the Shoe-flower.

*Errata.*—Page 378, *Neapolitan Funeral*, line 5, for “February 3, 1836;” read January 31, 1836.

Page 380, *Register of Fleet Marriages*, line 30, for “and the parties as little, as they could;” read, and the parties paid as little, as they could.

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